gC3359

Old ÆSOP
AT.
VVHITE-HALL,
GIVING
Advice to the Young *ÆSOPS*
AT
Tunbridge *and* Bath:
OR, SOME
FABLES
Relating to Government.

By a Perſon of what Quality you pleaſe.

LONDON,
Printed; and Sold by *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*. 1698.

THE

PREFACE.

IT *is now the Mode, it ſeems, for Brutes to turn Politicians; and if we may give Credit to ſome late Authors, their Houſes of Parliament aſſemble at* Tunbridge *and* Bath. *The Lion who by Preſcription hath been own'd for* King, Nemine Contradicente, *pleads it as his Priviledge to ſummon them to his Banquetting-Houſe at* White-hall; *whence all the Three States may by a ſhort and eaſie Walk arrive together at* Weſtminſter, *and there conſult for the Common Good. He carries a Bundle of Arrows in his Hand, with this Motto over them,* Concordia res parvæ creſcunt, diſcordia maxima dilabuntur.

If

The PREFACE.

If there be no Myſteries in Chriſtianity, *it ſeems there are ſome in* Policy; *when* Jacobites *and* Commonwealths-Men, *who have mutually branded one another with the harſheſt Names that Malice and Rancour could invent, ſhould now unite in a Deſign againſt the preſent Government, as a Common Center. If it be ſo, (which* Old ÆSOP *is very unwilling to believe,) he hath given Commiſſion to his Beaſts, in the following* Fables, *to declare the firſt to be (what they always were)* Knaves, *and the latter (which he is ſure they will be loth to be accounted)* Fools *If the Reflections ſeem too Satyrical, they may conſider that it comes from Beaſts like themſelves. And ſo Æſop bids them Farewel, but to take Care not to divide the Prey till it is caught.*

White-hall, Septemb. 22. 1698.

ÆSOP.

The

The SUMMONS.

THE Jackall did the King of Brutes inform
That ſome deſign'd to mine, and ſome to ſtorm
His Royal Fort. At which, with generous Rage
The Kingly Beaſt, their Malice to aſſwage,
Sends forth his Summons, That they ſhould appear
At *Brutes White-hall*, from Quarters far and near,
There to conſult; and if they found that any
Better deſerv'd the Sway among the *Many*
Than *Leo* did, he wou'd the Crown forſwear
And never henceforth any Scepter bear:
But at the ſame time gives't as his Advice,
'It's better to fill Bag one time than thrice,
'Or three times three. It's better under one,
'Than many Maſters, to lament and groan.

Old

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FAB. I.

The Tortoise and Frogs.

A Heavy *Tortoise* seeing *Frogs*
Nimbly leap in Pools and Poggs,
Bless'd their limber Hams, that they
Could so bravely frisk and play;

Curs'd the hard and heavy Pack
That Nature laid on his own Back:
He could neither skip nor dance,
Nor caper *A-la-mode de France.*
But as ſoon's he ſaw the *Stork*
Could the *Frogs* from Puddle fork,
And that for all their nimble Heels
They became a Prey to *Eels*;
Then he quickly chang'd his Note,
And for's own Coat of Mail gave Vote;
Thank'd his Stars that he was free
From *Storks* and ſuch-like Tyranny,
By being armed Cap-a-pee.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Did we but ſee through Gallick *Stray*
How feeble Subjects are a Prey
To th' Sovereign's arbitrary Will,
Who can at's Pleaſure ſave and kill;
Did we but feel th' Effects of's Sword and Flames,
Saw Virgins raviſh'd, heard the Cries of Dames,
When Soldiers ſack their Towns, deſtroy their Men,
Cut off their Children, ſcarce ſpare One in Ten;
Could we but ſee Rome's *Prieſts converting* France
With Arguments from Gun, Sword, Spear and Lance,
And then reflect that this had been our Doom,
Could James *the Juſt have paid his Vows to* Rome,
We would not grumble at the Tax we pay
To keep ſuch Monſtrous Tyranny away,
But ſhould, That William *might live ever, pray.*

FAB. II.

Of the other Members conſpiring againſt the Belly.

ONce on a Time the Hands and Feet
With Back, and Loins, and Bum, did meet
In a Rebellious Conſult, where
The B—— ch as Speaker took the Chair,
And with an uncouth hollow ſound
The following Treaſon did propound:
Brethren, quoth he, you know the Head
Makes us to toil and ſweat for Bread,
Yet nothing to our Lot doth fall,
But *idle Gut* conſumes it all.

My

My Friends, if you'll be rul'd by me,
We will ſhake off this Tyranny.
If Head and Belly will have Meat,
Let them toil for't with Hands and Feet.
Agreed, ſays Back, I vow and ſwear,
For them I'll no more Burthens bear.
Content, ſays Bum, if't be your Will;
For I love dearly to ſit ſtill.
Says Feet, I'll no more Errands run.
The Loins ſay, Brethren, it is done.
The Hands vow they would work no more,
And wiſh they'd been as wiſe before.
The Members thus in Holy League
Did bleſs themſelves for this Intrigue.
But ſuddenly the Hands grew weak,
The Feet grew numb, the Loins did ſhake,

The Back was feeble, the Bum grew poor,
And Breech the Chair-man loud did roar,
Pray cram the Gut, and we'll rebel no more.

MORAL.

It's hop'd this will not be forgot
By thoſe who form'd the Tunbridge *Plot.*
Old Æſop *was a Man of Senſe,*
Such Doctrines never did diſpenſe,
That People ſhould refuſe Support,
And pine themſelves to ſtarve the Court.

FAB.

FAB III.

The Hermit and the Soldier.

A Pious *Hermit* ſeeing a Man of Blood
Come ſtrutting thro' his ſolitary Wood,
Accoſts him thus: Dear Brother, why do you
In Humane Blood and Gore your Hands imbrue?
Leave off that Trade, be 'Partner in my Cell,
Read, pray, and think, and ſave your Soul from Hell.
The Soldier look'd ſtern,
But at laſt did reply,
I am willing to learn,
And G——zds I'll comply.
We Men of the Sword
Are not worth a T—— d,

But

But are baſely kept under,

Nor have Pay nor have Plunder.

A plague on the Peace

Which makes our Gain ceaſe:

And ſeeing it is ſo,

With the Hermit I'll go,

Till the Drums beat again, and the Trumpets do blow.

MORAL.

Juſt ſo the Jacks *their deſperate Cauſe forſake,*

And to the ſide o'th' Commonwealth betake;

Since their own King has play'd the Fool, and's gone,

Ours to moleſt they turn up every Stone.

The Church, the Church, is ready to take fire,

Is all their Out-cry: Brethren, ſave the Quire,

The

Take care o'th Steeple, Chancel, Surplice, Crape,×
The Church of England *Dove's in danger of a Rape,*
No thanks to them she did from Father Peters *scape:*

Yet when their Prince, and's Priests shall venture over,
They'll swear she is no Chast nor Turtle Lover,
But did to others her fair Breasts discover;

Then they will be for Commonwealth no more,
But screw Prerogative high as before,
Huff like N — S — r, *cackle like* B — S — wer.

× Crape gowns were then worn, Crape was newly invented, and especially fashionable among the younger Clergy.

FAB. IV.

The Aſs in the Lion's Skin.

A Certain *Aſs* being ſtruck with Shame
Of's native Slavery, and his Name,
Made ſhift to ſteal a *Lion*'s Skin,
And boldly ſtalk'd about therein;
Shook off his innate ſluggiſh Pace,
And did aſſume an awful Face,
As if h' had been of *Lybian* Breed,
And from the Baſtinado freed.
But's curs'd Ears, and Cathedral Note,
To his great Grief, reveal'd the Plot;
For when he did attempt to roar,
He could not do't, but bray'd juſt as before.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Thus Nonreſiſtance thinks't no Sin
To put on a true Patriot's Skin,
And plead for Liberty and Laws,
And eaſie Tax. But mark the Cauſe:
He would the Government diſable,
And loſe the Ship for want of Cable.
And by this means it comes to paſs,
We know the old Paſſive Obedience Aſs.

FAB. V.

The Wolf and Hedgehog.

A Greedy *Wolf* that ravag'd Hills and Plains,
Devour'd the Flocks, and beggar'd all the Swains,
Triumph'd and skipp'd. But Plenty causing waſt,
At length he knew not where to break his Faſt;
But in his Range meets with a Porcupine,
A curious Bit to make *Lycaon* dine:
His eager Chaps would fain been at the Prey,
But the arm'd *Hedgehog* held him at a Bay.
Hungry *Lycaon* ſeeing this, cries out,
My little Brother, how comes this about?

Have

Have you forgot the late-concluded Peace,
That you do ſtill your Armour w ear,
As if there were new Cauſe of Fear?
Lay by your Darts, and let War ceaſe.
You cannot think that I will break the League,
And Brother-Brutes ſurprize by falſe Intrigue.
Nay, Nay, ſays Hedgehog, Brother, I don't ſay
That you will me or other Brutes betray;
But ne'ertheleſs it doth appear,
While you have Tusks, there's Cauſe of Fear:
Let me firſt draw your Teeth, and *Sans* Delay
I'll throw my Quiver and my Darts away.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Thus crafty Jacks do plead our Cauſe,
Arm'd Troops in Time of Peace ſubvert our Laws:
Lay down your Arms, and then we ſwear,
That our brave Prince will ſoon appear;
La Hogue *you know is very near.*
But ſince Van Trump, *and bold* De Rutter,
With Ball and Powder made ſuch ſplutter,
He's as much 'fraid of Sword and Bomb,
As was his Grandſire in his Grandame's Womb.
Diſband your Troops therefore, we pray,
The Nation cannot bear your Pay.
Then come the Wolves o'er from Campeigne,
And carry all the Sheep away;

Then

Then will our Prince, like Mars, *in Warlike Guise,*
Encamp at Hounslow *to shoot Butterflies.*
No Man can say that he will break the Law,
Or us by Standing-Armies over-awe;
Since it is clear, as e'er was Light of Sun,
His Army never stood, but always run.
Let no foul Tongue our Valorous Prince disgrace,
For he in Person always won the Race:
The Boyn's *fair Flood, and* Sarum's *spacious Plain,*
Will this great Truth for evermore maintain.

on the great discussions and numerous pamphlets against a Standing Army

FAB.

FAB. VI.

The Fox caught in a Trap.

A Certain *Fox* being caught in Trap,
Did loſe his Tail by the Miſhap,
And cried, Alas!
For his Diſgrace,
He could not ſhew Face,
Nor follow the Chaſe:
But yet, ſays he, tho' *Reynards* do beguile
The other *Brutes* by ſome ſly Trick and Wile;
I do not know that *Foxes* are exempted
From being fool'd too, if they're fitly tempted.

Then

Then let me go try,
And briskly apply
My Wits, to deceive,
And make Foxes believe,
That the Burden of their Tail,
In Rain, Snow or Hail,
Is intolerably grievous,
And in Hunting miſchievous.
If by this Means I can but prevail,
To have every Fox cut off his own Tail,
Then none of 'em at me will mock, ſcoff or rail.
Away *Reynard* goes,
His deſign to propoſe,
Says Fathers and Mothers,
Dear Siſters and Brothers,
Don't flout, jeer and mock,
At my mangled Dock:

You know that your Tails,
But little avails,
When you leap over Pales,
To catch Sheep and Fowls;
Then do not like Owls,
Thus burden your Back,
By a thing you might lack.
How brisk and how fine
Am I without mine?

The reſt perceiving what his Motive was;
Told him good Brother this will never paſs.
When we're hunted by Dogs,
O'er Hills, and through Bogs,
On our Tails we do piſs,
And their Chops do not miſs.
And this was the cauſe made the Proverb preva
He hath got a flap with the Foxes Tail.

Th

Then ceaſe Brother Fox,
If we mangle our Docks,
As you do propoſe,
We're expos'd to our Foes.

Moral.

Thus the curs'd Crew who have themſelves undone,
And from their Reaſon, Senſe, and Intereſt run,
Would gladly have us caught in that ſame Trap;
Ill Men would fain have Brethren in miſhap.

Fab. VII.

The Fox preaching to the Sheep.

A Ravening Wolf the Sheep-Cotes did invade,
And there ſet up his Butchers Shambles;
Where without trouble of Preambles,
He kill'd whatever came to hand.
A ſturdy Maſtiff by the Farmer laid
In the ſame Fold, preſerv'd the Sheep,
So that in Safety they could ſleep,
And feed with quiet in their Maſters Land.
The Fox who us'd with Wolf to diet,
And on the tender Lambs to riot;
Perceiving this,

Says

Says *Monſieur Wolf*, I am not able
To live at ſuch an ill-ſpread Table.
Were it amiſs,
That I ſhould go and tell the Sheep,
The Maſtiff Dog that doth them keep
Lives on their Blood;
That he and's Maſter every Day,
With joint conſent divide the Prey,
And make the Sheep their Food.
Wolf anſwers, *Reynard*, that is good,
Go tell the Sheep that they ſhould ceaſe
To cloth their Maſter with their Fleece;
Except he will his Dog remove,
For ſuch a Guard they do not love
In time of Peace.

The Fox gets in amongſt the Flock,
And with ſly Oratry thus ſpoke.

Good

Good Men of Mutton,
What do ye with this Maſtiff Dog,
He is a mercenary Rogue
Not worth a Button?
For on pretence of keeping guard,
Your Fleſh and Bones are his Reward:
Get him cathier'd.
The Wolf and I have ſworn the Peace,
And our Hoſtilities muſt ceaſe,
Noughts to be fear'd
By him, his Maſter in diſguiſe
Means 'ore the Flocks to tyrannize
On my Salvation.
As I'm *a true Son of the Church*,
I would not leave you in the Lurch,
Of ſuch Damnation.

The bleating Herd began to grumble,
For *Reynard*'s Logick, made them ſtumble,

And

And thus they ſaid:
In Faith the Wolf and Fox we ſee
Are Enemies to Tyranny;
Their council ought to be obey'd.
Since *Ned* the Wolf, and *Batt* the Fox,
Are our good Friends than what a Pox
ſhould we be plagu'd with Curs.
We will no more our Fleeces yield,
Nor have our Lambs tore from the Field,
Let's to our Zeal add Spurs:
And for our Spokeſman chuſe a Ram,
Or ſturdy Goat to ſwear and damn,
And curſe Diſſenters.
Our greateſt Dangers from the Whigs,
And cauſe they will not pay Tithe Pigs,
The Wolf and Fox on them ſhall have Debentures.
Content ſays Fox and there's my Hand,
I'll publiſh this in Woolfiſh-land;

Fare-

Farewell dear Sheep.
The Woolf and I will guard your Cotes,
And pull out the Diſſenters Throats;
But unto you our promiſe keep.
The Flock by *Reynard* thus perſwaded,
That Dog and Farmer them invaded,
Straight left the Fold.
Did thro' the Hills and Valleys ſtray,
And from their Guard did run away;
Left him to ſtarve for want of pay:
But mark the end.
The Woolf and Fox, having prevail'd
The ſcatter'd Flocks ſtraight they aſſail'd,
And did them all in pieces rend.

Mo-

Moral.

It's hop'd the Sheep of North *and* Weſt,
Who to the Parliament make haſte,
The Moral will reach;
Which is no more
Then the Proverb of Tore,
Let the Geeſe look to't when the Fox doth preach.

Fab. VIII.
The Fable of the Spunge.

A Certain Brewer whoſe Liquor of Life,
Did frequently amongſt his Servants raiſe ſtrife,
Reſolv'd to abridge them, giving each Man his ſhare,
Enough to ſuffice but nothing to ſpare:

But the Servants reſolving they would not be
ſtinted,
Put their Wits on the Rack, and this Device
minted.
They got Gloves of Spunge which they thruſt in
the Liquor,
And ſqueezing them often ſpent their Maſters
Stock quicker:
Which the Brewer underſtanding, he ſeiz'd on
the Spunges;
Made his Servants repay him, and with Actions
them ſwinges;
Till he ſqueez'd back his own, and taught them
to be true,
To leave off their ſlie Cheats, and be content with
their Due.

Moral.

Thoſe that miſapply the Treaſure of the Nation,
Ought thus to be ſqueez'd till they make reparation:
We may Tax, and pay on, and the King ſtill be poor,
If the Hands of his Servants be pitch'd as before.
It's the Intereſt of the Nation, our Senate underſtands,
That thoſe who touch Caſh ſhould have clean waſhen hands.

Fab. XI.

The Trumpeter.

A Trumpeter who by his fatal Sounds,
Provok'd Mankind to mutual Blood and Wounds;
Being ta'ne in Field did for his Life implore:
I ſound the Charge ſaid he, but do no more.

The Conquerour grew enrag'd at this Defence;
Replies, baſe Villan, I'll diſpatch thee hence,
Down to the *Stygian* Shades; doſt thou not know,
That he who counſels Murder, gives the blow.

Moral.

The Fable hits thoſe who in former Reigns,
For love of Faction, or for love of Gains,
Did teach our Monarchs a Deſpotick Sway,
And damn'd the People that would not obey:
Theſe were the Firebrands of the Church and State,
And did more Miſchief than Jack Straw *or* Kett:
They caus'd the War and that brought on the Tax,
Then let the weight of't fall on their own Backs;
Why ſhould the Peoples Blood and Treaſure pay
To reſcue that which Prieſtcraft did betray.

The

The Prieſts advanc'd the Popeling *to the Throne;*
The Prieſts again did force him to be gone;
And now the Prieſts, like Turn-coats, as before,
Chuſe Jacks for Senate with Canonick Roar:
And Churches danger ſtily would infer,
From our great King who bravely reſcued her.

Fab. X.

The Lion and the Aſs.

IT once came to paſs,
That the Lion and Aſs,
Did meet in a great Conſultation;
When the King of the Brutes,
To the dulleſt of Mutes,
Did ſeriouſly make Application,

True

True *Roger*, quoth he,
Do but hearken to me,
And I ſwear I will highten thy Fortune.
Thou'rt now a dull Beaſt,
But I'll make thee High Prieſt,
And the reſt ſhall no more dare thee ſport on.
Good Soveraign ſay on,
Quoth *Roger* anon,
For I am quite weary of Slavery:
I ſwear by St. *Peter*
If you'l give me a Mitre
I'll ſerve you, be't Roguery or Knavery.
I thank you ſays Lion,
Thy word I'll rely on;
The Service that I then command thee,
Is to teach that I muſt govern,
Like an Abſolute Soveraign,
And that thoſe will be damn'd that withſtand me.
Agreed

Agreed ſays the Aſs,
I will bring it to paſs,
And have Paſſive Obedience in faſhion;
They ſhall all be call'd Traitors,
And Monarchy-haters,
From the Pulpits, and Desks of the Nation.
But it happen'd that the King,
Harp'd on another String,
And invaded the Rights of the Aſſes.
Then *Roger* turn'd tale,
'Gainſt his Soveraign did rail,
In his Preachments, his Prayers, and Glaſſes.

Moral.

Thus Tyrant Princes did make uſe of Prieſts,
Their Subjects to transform from Men to Beaſts.
The Time's well known, you need not ask me when,
But e're from Beaſts they turn to Men again,
The Prieſts muſt be reform'd; ſuch Reformation
Is th' only Remedy can ſave the Nation.

FINIS.

FINIS.